



ORCHARD *AND* DAIRY  
REGION  
OF  
LAKE ONTARIO

---

By H. A. KENNEDY, (of the London Times Staff)  
LONDON, ENG.

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Issued by direction of  
Hon. FRANK OLIVER, Minister of the Interior  
Ottawa, Canada

*The* EDITH *and* LORNE PIERCE  
COLLECTION *of* CANADIANA



*Queen's University at Kingston*



THE HEART OF  
CANADA  
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# THE APPLE MEN OF LAKE ONTARIO.

## CHAPTER I.

### BY THE SIDE OF THE CHEERFUL SEA.

This is no fancy picture. I have no mind to make "every goose a swan," even on a Canadian lake, nor to lay the colour on too thickly in painting even a Canadian landscape, still less to represent Canadian life as free from every ill that man is heir to. My readers may therefore be sure that if I use a strong word of praise it is because nothing less will accurately describe the facts.

"What is worth having is worth hunting," I once heard a wise man say. And it is equally true that what is worth having is often not to be found without hunting. It is by no means the case because you never heard of a particular district it cannot be one of the best in all Canada. Hundreds of thousands of people from the Old Country have passed through the district I am just going to tell about, on their way to Toronto and further west, and perhaps have been settled in their new homes for many years, without an idea that there is anything in it particularly worthy of attention. Yet it is one of the finest fruit-growing districts in the world.

The Great Lakes, to children who hear about them in geography lessons, are simply a curious feature on the map of Canada. How many people realize what a vast difference they make to the life and prosperity of the Canadians? They make an extremely useful water highway, for one thing, more than 2,000 miles long, from the head of Lake Superior to the point where Lake Ontario overflows into the St. Lawrence River,—a great water highway traversed by countless steamers.

The Great Lakes have a better use even than that. We all know what a modifying and softening influence the surrounding sea has on the climate of the United Kingdom—how much milder the winter is in the British Isles than on the neighbouring continent of Europe. The Great Lakes have the same sort of effect on the climate of the country surrounding them. In the city of Ottawa, beyond their influence, the average temperature, taking summer and winter together, is  $38^{\circ} 4$ ; in the city of Toronto, on Lake Ontario, it is  $44^{\circ} 6$ , or more than six degrees higher. It is still more interesting to notice, when we look into the details, that while the lake modifies the winter cold, giving Toronto an average temperature ten degrees higher than Ottawa's, it also modifies the heat, for Toronto, though much farther south, actually has a summer temperature a little lower than that of Ottawa.

The shore of Lake Ontario, the easternmost of the Great Lakes, was colonized very early in the history of Canada under the British flag. It was originally settled by the United Empire Loyalists, who, when their cause was defeated in the thirteen British Colonies south of Canada, were compelled—even if they had wished to remain—to leave their lands and property and begin life anew in exile. Many of the Loyalists received from the British Government plots of land along the Can-

adian shore of Lake Ontario, and you will still find their descendants farming where their exiled ancestors started to clear away the forest nearly 130 years ago. They certainly had a hard enough struggle at first; a pioneer's life in a thickly wooded land, before the days of railways and steamships and telegraphs and telephones, necessarily called for strenuous toil and patient endurance.

If the people who leave the Old Country for Ontario to-day think they are going to find nature "in the rough" and to have the herculean task of making it smooth,—like the "Settlers in Canada" in

**A  
Civilized  
Land.**

Captain Marryat's story, who are described as taking up land on the north shore of Lake Ontario close to Kingston,—well, they can make their minds easy. The fact is, the pioneer work was done for them long ago by those old Loyalists and British immigrants who settled among them and their descendants in the early part of the last century. The man and woman who go out to such a district as I am now describing go out to a civilized country; to a land of cultivated farms and orchards, of herds and dairies; of towns and villages, schools and churches, daily papers and daily posts.

As the lake is too wide to see across, when you stand looking out from its northern shore you feel as if you were by the seaside. And the lake might really put in a very good claim to be called a sea,—as you would readily agree, if you happened to be out on it in a storm, pitching and rolling about in a little steamboat, as I have been.

It is a "sea with a difference," however. You can be seasick on it in rough weather; but a mere glance at its mild shore, with the vegetation running down almost to the water's edge, assures you that its biggest waves are ripples compared to the mighty breakers of the Atlantic.

It is indeed a friendly sea; and the trees, which would be stunted and impoverished on an exposed part of our island coast, flourish exceedingly in its neighbourhood.

Come with me for a little run along its northern shore by the Grand Trunk Railway, just to get a preliminary idea of the landscape and seascape. Let us start from Toronto, as the capital of the Province. It is a fine British city, full of energy and enterprise. It has its "mean streets," like any other great aggregation of humanity; but its Parliament House, its University, its City Hall, and some of its churches, would be ornaments to any centre of population in the world. Electric tram-cars run in all directions,—westward, for instance, to the Fair grounds, and northward to a great residential quarter of handsome houses in beautiful gardens along tree-shaded avenues.

It is easy to imagine the immense advantage a food-producing community enjoys by being within easy reach of a city of nearly 400,000 inhabitants who require to be fed.

We leave the city at nine in the morning, and have barely time to skim through the paper,—for the Toronto papers have a lot in them,—when we feel irresistibly compelled to look out of the window instead. The lake, as we skim along beside it, is glowing blue and silver in the sun. A rough rampart of boulders and logs has been thrown up to protect the line, which often runs fearlessly along the very edge. Farm-houses, too, stand with perfect assurance of safety close to the shore.

**The Railway  
along  
the Lake.**



As the coast winds gently, with shallow bays and low headlands, the railway's straight course takes us away from the lake and through wide-stretching meadows,—fields of the tall and almost tree-like maize, or Indian corn, which is always called simply **Fields and Crops.** “corn” in Canada,—fields of clover,—more pasture, with herds of milch kine grazing,—more fields, now bare, for it is mid-September, and the wheat is reaped and much of it probably sent to market by now,—more pastures, more fields, more herds, more corn. The fences are commonly of wire; but often you may still see one of split cedar logs, surviving from a time when trees were commoner than dirt, and indeed were regarded as obstructions to be cleared off the fertile dirt as soon as possible.

A smart-looking passenger in the next seat starts a conversation about silver mines in the backwoods of the north. He is interested in a “great proposition” up there. With some difficulty I **Good Dirt.** convince him that the “dirt” I take an interest in is of a much more useful sort than even the highest grade silver ore yet discovered at Cobalt,—the dirt that rises in sap and transfigures itself into apples and corn.

We cross mild little ravines, miniature valleys, lined with fir trees. Most of the trees left standing here and there in field corners are of the deciduous kind, and any day the maples may be **Colour.** putting on their gorgeous autumn robes of flame-colour. They are green enough now, and scores of horses and cattle are sheltering under their thick foliage from the sun. Green, too, are the lower pastures. But there are brilliant streaks of purple and yellow, wild asters and golden-rod, on the sloping banks of valleys where stately bulrushes rise from modest creeks.

Near Oshawa, 33 miles from Toronto, in Ontario County, the wayfaring eye is caught by a young and clean-looking orchard, plainly a recent development of a farm which also shows acres of beautifully cultivated garden vegetables and a strip of the more usual corn and pumpkins. The orchard may be **Entering Apple Land.** taken as a signal that here or hereabouts we enter the realms of the North Shore Apple. While apples are grown from one end of the Lake to the other, the industry has reached perhaps its highest point of development in the centre of this belt.

He has no monopoly even here, this king of fruits. He **The Apple is King.** is a tolerant monarch, as we shall presently find,—many other vegetable princes holding strong positions in the realm. Nevertheless he is the King.

A busy little town of 6,000 souls is Oshawa; a manufacturing town, but without the smoke and gloom that we associate with the idea of great manufacturing industries. Sweetness and light **Oshawa.** spread far and wide from Oshawa, for the music of its pianos is heard in homes all over the Dominion, and the making of gas fixtures is another of its specialties, while large quantities of fruit are also distributed from this centre. The Oshawans make farm implements, too, and carriages, and woollen goods, and whitewear, and wire fencing, and leather, and harness. In 1900, this town sent out manufactures valued at £270,000; by 1905 it had increased its output to £460,000.

From a flat stretch of farmland, veined with meandering streams, we climb a gentle height that gives us grand views of the gleaming grey-blue sea. We pass an avenue of luxuriant maples shading a road that runs down to the water's edge; a mighty elm standing alone in a field; more acres of clover and corn; more orchards, some of them old established, but also well cultivated, not left to take care of them-

selves like so many picturesque but poor old orchards in our own countryside.

Passing Darlington, we arrived at another pleasant little centre of busy life, the town of Bowmanville, which has a great reputation for the making of organs,—the parlour instruments **Bowmanville.** which are too often known in England as “American organs,” though nothing made in the United States can surpass the organs made in this Canadian town. Its population is only about 3,000, yet its manufactures are valued at about £110,000 a year.

There is plenty of variety in the scene as we roll away again to the east, past Newcastle and Newtonville,—here a stretch of land cleared as bare as your hand, every inch available for cultivation; there, land sprinkled with trees, singly or in little woods, especially thick in the dells. There is variety above as well as on the earth.

The Canadian climate, though not fickle like ours, does **Variety.** not go to the other extreme,—like that of Egypt, for instance, where most of the time the sun stares and glares with merciless monotony. To-day there is just enough cloud to fleck the sky and relieve the dazzling sea with streaks of shadow.

To be quite fair to the Old Country, it is not in England alone that you can find uncared-for orchards. Here is one that has been allowed to go to rack and ruin; half the trees are dead, **Care,** and yet left standing unreplaced. What a tale of **and** sloth and slovenliness it tells! And what a contrast **Don't Care.** to the trim and tidy orchard of the neighbour, whose trees are cared for like the treasures they are, and loaded with fruit.

For some time we have been passing through the country of Durham. Just before entering Northumberland we stop at Port Hope. This is the junction for a branch of the Grand Trunk Railway running north to the inland counties of Peterborough and Victoria. I should like to take you up there, but the attractions **Port Hope.** of the Great Lake are too strong. Just look out upon it now.

A wonderful change has come over it with the changing sky,—a stretch of purple, a streak of light green, then purple again, lightening suddenly into silver, and beyond that darkening into blue.

Port Hope has a name smacking strongly of the cheerful sea. A good name, and a good place. Notice the docks, with a steamer just coming in through the harmless waves of the bay. It is a busy place, like its neighbours; not crowded and jostling, to be sure,—look at that orchard in the middle of the town,—but busy all the same. Its 5,000 inhabitants increased their manufactures by nearly 50 per cent in five years,—from £131,000 in 1900 to £194,000 in 1905.

The next town has quite a character of its own. It is both cosmopolitan and fashionable. Many rich folk from the United States, to escape the oppressive heat of their own cities, have come over and established summer houses for themselves at Cobourg; and Cobourg has become a great

international seaside resort such as can hardly be found elsewhere in the Dominion. The “business of life,” you might think as you wander along the shaded avenues and watch the visitors in the gardens or on the lake, consists of lawn tennis, **American** bathing, golf, boating, and bowls. But the **“Summerers.”** Cobourgers themselves have a good deal of business besides catering for the “summerers.” Fruit-packing and shipping you naturally expect to find; but you may be



surprised to discover a fully equipped factory of railway cars. The last available returns show a manufacturing output of £170,000 in 1905, from a population of only 4,265.

The engine bell rings, and again the panorama rushes by,—a baby orchard, newly planted; then its six year old sister, already yielding fruit, for men and boys are picking apples into barrels; and also its rugged old relation, not past work yet, for a wagon-load of full barrels is just coming out into the road. For a while we skirt the edge of the lake, with only a narrow strip between the rails and the water; the land green and sprinkled with wild flowers, the water deep blue and spangled with silver; on our left, flaunting corn and humble root crops, a man ploughing a brown hillside with a team of the glossiest brown horses, a lorlly walnut tree in the middle of a field, straight roads and crooked rivulets running down to the lake; sea-gulls floating and circling over all.

Past Colborne village we spy a sandy patch or two; but poor land like this is rare, for handsome houses among healthy young orchards speak louder than words of the farmers' prosperity. Next **Brighton.** it seems, we have got to Brighton. It is a never-ending source of much mild amusement to Old Country travellers to come upon the towns and villages in Canada—there are hundreds and probably thousands of them—bearing names of familiar places in the motherland and to notice the contrast between the original and its namesake. The Canadian Brighton, like the English, stands on the northern shore of a narrow sea; but there the likeness ends. Instead of a crowded "London on the sea," we find ourselves in an abode of rural peace. Not an abode of stagnation, mind you, but an abode of peaceful and well-rewarded industry, with well kept and roomy and comfortable houses whose garden lawns run down to the neat cement sidewalks under the shade trees of a magnificent public avenue.

Rolling along to the east, we soon reach the end of North-**Trenton.** umberland county, and arrive at Trenton, in Hastings county. It is quite a small town, but with rather a "citified" air, and is a place of more importance than you would imagine from the fact that its population is only about 4,000. It may be described as commercially a strategic point. Here the peninsular county of Prince Edward joins the mainland; and from Trenton railways run both up to the north through Hastings and down to the south and east through Prince Edward. Here also is the mouth of the Trent river, where great canalizing works are being carried out by the federal government. The town is likely to develop into a manufacturing centre of some consequence, by reason of the water power thus developed at its door. It may also develop into a great summer resort; Nature has endowed it with a wonderful advantage for boating and bathing, in the expanse of smooth water between the mainland and the sheltering peninsula of Prince Edward—the beautiful Bay of Quinté.

A twenty minutes run from Trenton brings us to Belleville, which is also on the shore of the Bay of Quinté; and you will find apple orchards flourishing on good soil hereabouts, or even further east along the lake as far as Kingston, where the river begins; but the apple is no longer king.

The apple country I am speaking of, though it has no clearly defined frontiers, at present consists chiefly of a strip along the lake front in Durham and Northumberland, with parts of Ontario and

**The City of Belleville.** Hastings counties, and practically the whole of Prince Edward. When you get to Belleville you are far on into Hastings county, where as in the other counties of Eastern Ontario, the great source of wealth is not in the orchard but the dairy. Vast quantities of cheese come to this city for transportation to the Old Country; but there is also fruit enough coming in to keep an evaporator at work, and a canning factory. The city's manufactures, which were valued in 1900 at about £112,000, exceeded £330,000 in 1905, having multiplied nearly three-fold in five years.

After this little trip along the lake shore, let us turn back to Trenton and cross the bridge into Prince Edward County.

**Prince Edward County.** This county used to be a peninsula, joined to the mainland by an isthmus of rock three-quarters of a mile wide, which was known as the "carrying place," or portage. In the early days of settlement, not much more than half a century ago, when Ontario was covered with forest, there was no road even along the lake shore from Kingston to Toronto,—nothing but a bridle path. The white pioneers all over Canada, doing as the Indian natives had done from time immemorial, used the water as a highway wherever lakes and rivers were available, and that was almost everywhere. When they came to a spot where they had to cross a bit of dry land from one river or lake to another, they picked up their boats or canoes and cargoes and carried them to the next launching place. The portage near Trenton was used in this way by travellers navigating along the lake shore through the Bay of Quinte. Now, however, the rocky obstacle has been pierced by a canal, and Prince Edward has been turned into an island,—which must not be confused with "Prince Edward Island," the Maritime Island. Province lying off the north coast of Nova Scotia in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Though Prince Edward County is traversed by a railway, we will go through it by motor car, so as to be free to stop wherever we like and go on again when we like.

**A trip by Motor Car.** I know it will surprise many people to learn that travelling by motor car is possible in Canada at all, so much has been said about the poor roads there. It is certainly a fact that few Canadian roads can compare with ours, and they are often very bad; but the proof of the pudding is in the eating and the proof of the road is in the riding. We manage to get right across the island and back without a puncture or other damage to the car, and at very fair speed. To be sure, once, when we strike off the main road, we do get caught in a lane where the wheels sink deep in loose earth and we have to get out and push, but that is only a brief amusing episode, and the rest of the journey is plain sailing.

The surface of the county is very gently undulating. Running east and west is a miniature range of hills, a little ridge occasionally rising to a height of 300 feet; but the island as a whole is much less hilly than the mainland. The soil varies a good deal; but along with some poor land there is some of the best in Canada, which is saying a great deal. Just after crossing the bridge we drive over a patch of bare rock, and then through a strip of land too light for fruit-growing without a lot of manure; but almost immediately afterwards we spy a newly planted orchard.

Passing the village of Consecon, we notice a beautiful garden bright with asters, healthy looking table vegetables, a field of buckwheat, "prime stuff for pan-cakes,"—corn, cows, and horses, and geese. The apple



has no monopoly here, as we can plainly see. Still, he is pushing his way, as the young orchards bear witness; and in many parts he is firmly established. Here, as we pass, is an eight-acre orchard of trees still young but covered with fruit,—the persistent and profitable

**A** Ben Davis. At Wellington, where we halt for dinner, we look out on a beautiful curving bay from a sea-side grove devoted to picnics. A refreshing sea-breeze blows in among the shady trees, and apples are dropping on the beach where the green waves break.

**Sea-side** The houses and gardens and lawns along the road speak unmistakably of wealth and comfort, as the big  
**of** orchards of fruit-laden trees speak of the rich, well-  
**Comfort.** trained soil in which they flourish. Again, however, we are called on to observe that fruit-growing is only one string to the islander's bow. Apples, cherries, tomatoes, peas, beans and corn; dairying, market-gardening—under glass and in the open—bee-keeping, poultry raising; here is variety enough.

Through a beautiful double avenue of maple trees that  
**Picton.** shade the verandahs of prosperous citizens we enter the town of Picton. On the map it seems a rather out of the way place, away there at the far end of the little island railway. But when you get there you cannot discover any symptoms of isolation. Good shops, handsome churches, almost luxurious homes, and a general sense of thriving contentment,—these are what you see and feel in Picton.

The air is still warm as we spin home, a thirty-mile drive through a mellow autumn evening,—till as we cross the boundary bridge the sun sets in a blaze of glory over the western bay.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE ORCHARDS AND THE APPLES.

"These are my babies," said a farmer whom I was visiting, a few miles north of the lake. We were standing on a hillside; behind us running up to the summit, was a dense wood of  
**The** maple and elm; before us sloping down to the farm yard,  
**Baby** was a great undulating stretch of brown earth dotted at wide  
**Trees.** intervals with little trees. They looked so small and insignificant and helpless that "babies" seemed the only fitting word to describe them.

"Now come and see the grown-ups," he continued.

**The** We struck across the baby orchard, and presently  
**Grown-ups.** found ourselves among their adult relations. The trees were not tall or imposing in size—they had purposely been kept down in height, so as to avoid difficulty in picking the fruit from the topmost limbs,—but they were all strong and in perfect health. Some of them had already been picked; others were loaded down with big apples till the branches almost touched the ground.

"This is better than any gold mine," said the proud owner.

**Steady work** "I'm sorry for the man that is carried away by the  
**and** the gold or silver fever, always chasing round and  
**Steady Profit.** hunting for a big strike, and dying poor because he don't find it. It's a mere gamble. There's no gamble about apples. It's steady work and steady profit."

"With a certain amount of risk," I remarked.

“To be sure,” he said. “There’s a certain amount of risk as there is in everything else—just enough to make it interesting. Oh, I’ve no patience with the man that raises a howl whenever the least little thing happens to hurt his crop. Take the rough with the smooth, I say, and average things up, and you’re all right. Some years there is less profit than others, of course, and I’ve neighbours that have made an absolute loss now and then. I’ve never had that myself, and if I had I would’nt howl. There’s Mr. —, down the road, pulling a long face because he has only got 25 barrels an acre; but he seems to forget that two years ago he had over 100 barrels an acre. It’s downright ungrateful, so it seems to me, to grumble about a single failure in fifteen years—and that’s what it was, one failure to fourteen successes. What was the cause of the small crop? Frost when the trees were in blossom. You know what that is in the Old Country, I believe, don’t you?”

I had to admit that we were painfully familiar with frost in blossoming time in England. In fact, the fruit suffers less from frost in Canada than in England, where unseasonably mild weather early in the year too often forces the trees into flower prematurely, and then a spring frost pounces down and nips them.

Our friend who “takes the rough with the smooth,” and finds that there is much more smooth than rough, is no exception. Apart from such an occasional mishap as I have just mentioned, there is no enemy of the apple grower that cannot be guarded against and defeated by knowledge and industry. The careless man, the fool, or the sluggard, can fail at apple-growing as easily as he can fail at any other occupation. The man of ordinary intelligence, who first learns what he has to do and then does it with reasonable energy, finds apple-growing a steadily profitable business, and as pleasant as it is profitable. “Don’t care” got hanged,—it is a true proverb, in apple-growing as in other kinds of life. The man who does care, and takes care, is the man who succeeds.

First of all, the man who wants to succeed takes care to choose the right sort of land. Then he takes care to choose the right variety of apple,—the sorts which grow best in his locality and are most likely to find a ready and steady sale. He takes care to get his trees from a reliable quarter. He most diligently cultivates the soil of the orchard, using plenty of manure. He does not allow his

“babies” to be robbed of their nourishment either by weeds or by the small crops which (as long as the tree-roots have not spread far) may be permitted to occupy the middle spaces. He not only “feeds his babies,”

but cleanses them, spraying them with the proper mixtures to destroy the little pests that attack them. He prunes their branches, and when they have come into bearing he pulls off many of the young apples so that the rest can grow big and fine. When the crop is ripe—if he is going to do his picking and marketing,—he grades them honestly, so that a barrel marked “No. 1” apples on the outside shall have none but “No. 1” apples inside from top to bottom; and he seeks the most correct information about the markets, so as to send his apples to the place and at the time, where and when they are likely to be most in demand.

It is not every fruit-grower who does all these things or does them all as thoroughly as they might be done. There are various grades of apple men as there are various grades of apples. But, just as the



best price is always to be got by the "No. 1" apple, so the apple trade of the future will more and more fall into the hands of the "No. 1" men.

"I haul and spread manure in the winter," says our friend. "From about the middle of February to the middle of March is pruning time. As soon as the ground is fit to work, say the beginning of April, we get on to it and start cultivating. We mulch round the trees with straw to keep the moisture in the soil. **The Year's Work.** At least twice in the summer we spray the trees to keep down the pests. In June we go round and pull off a lot of the fruit where it is too thick." A great many orchardmen leave out this item of the programme; they have not the time, they say, and help is scarce. But it ought to be done, if possible. Not only does the thinning out help to produce a crop of uniformly fine fruit, but it prevents the tree from being so exhausted by an over-heavy yield one year that it can only produce a very light crop the next year.

The apple harvest begins with the early varieties about the first of September, and may last till winter sets in. Most of the farmers save the trouble of picking by selling the crop as it stands to a dealer in a neighbouring town, who sends a gang out, clears the trees, packs the fruit, and ships it away to market. There is something to be said for this system. It sets the farmer free to do other work; it saves him from the trouble of seeking and engaging labour, and the risk of a drop in prices. His risk ends when the dealer has taken and paid for the crop.

On the other hand, the risk is not great; and the dealer's profit, taking one year with another, is large. Why should not the farmer take the risk and get the middleman's profit? If an individual farmer makes the attempt by himself, plainly he cannot expect the same advantage as a dealer, who is used to handling large quantities of produce and is in touch with large customers. But a number of farmers together, uniting in a co-operative association, can get all the advantages of a dealer's position and all the profits that he gets.

**The Middleman's Profit.** The farmers are finding this out. Many of them found it out years ago, and they have about sixty co-operative organizations in different parts of Ontario.

To show how co-operation acts in the apple-growing business, let me quote the experience of a society with its headquarters in a town on Lake Ontario. It is not one of the largest societies, but it has about 100 members. It is organized as a joint stock company, with \$5 (£1 10d.) shares. The quantity of fruit that any member can dispose of through the society depends on the number of his shares. For each share, he can send 100 barrels of apples. If he has subscribed \$50 (£10 8s.) towards the capital, by taking ten shares, the company will handle 1,000 barrels for him. A manager is appointed; a store is hired in the town; the apples are collected from the member's orchard, and shipped away to some commission firm, generally in Liverpool, Manchester or Glasgow; and the money they fetch is passed on to the grower.

"If I sell to a dealer," a member of this society said to me, "I

get \$1 (4s. 6d.) a barrel all round.<sup>(1)</sup> In fact, till we formed our society it was hard to get as much as that. Through the society, I have been getting from \$1.50 (6s. 3d.) to \$2.50 (10s. 5d.) a barrel, according to quality, and now that prices are good I am expecting from \$2.50 to \$3.50 (10s. 5d. to 14s. 7d.). A few years ago, certain varieties were bringing \$3.60 (15s.). From these prices, of course, you have to deduct 35 cents (1s. 5½d.) for the barrel, about 10 cents (5d.) for picking, 15 cents (7½d.) for packing, and 10 cents (5d.) for other expenses, making a total deduction of 70 cents (2s. 11d.). We are getting barrels cheaper, too; we used to pay 38 or 40 cents (1s. 7d. or 1s. 8d.); now, as I said, they are 35 cents." This society has in one year sold 10,000 barrels of apples for its members,—and for some outsiders, who pay the society 5 per cent commission.

Let me put in here the net financial results of orchards owned by members of the Norfolk County Fruit-Growers' Association. Norfolk is in the Lake Erie district, but the figures are fairly applicable to the district specially under review. Here are the receipts of an orchardman who raised 948 barrels of apples from 8 acres:—

67 barrels of No. 1 apples at \$3.30 (13 s. 9 d.).....	\$ 221 10
171 " " 2 " 3.00 (12 s. 6 d.).....	513 00
610 " " 3 " 2.65 (11 s.).....	1,616 50
51 " " 4 " 2.35 (9 s. 9 d.).....	119 85
9 " " 5 " 2.00 (8 s. 4 d.).....	18 00
1 box Show apples.....	0 90
2 box Peelers.....	0 60

\$ 2,489 95 (£518).

The 948 barrels cost \$388.68 (£81) and spraying material \$29.16 (£6); a commission of 20 cents (10d) a barrel was paid for the sale of 908 barrels, and the profit received by the grower was **£49** \$1,890.51 (about £394) or £49 an acre. From this, of **per Acre** course, labour has to be paid; but growers who include **Profit.** labour in their account of expenditure do not put it at a very high figure. The highest is \$86 (about £18) on a production of 509 barrels. In this account, too, the spraying material figures as high as \$65 (over £13). Yet the apples, selling at from \$2 to \$3.50 a barrel, brought in a net profit of \$974 (£203).

From a little orchard of one acre and a half, the owner in 1909 sold 220 barrels of apples and made a profit of \$539 (£112). In 1906 this orchard having been allowed to run down, only produced 61 barrels; but by proper care and cultivation the yield was brought up to 100 barrels in 1908 and 220 barrels in 1909. Nothing is put down in this account for labour,—which probably means that the owner did the work himself.

Another man reports a profit of £89 on 202 barrels raised from 3 acres; another, £179 on 401 barrels raised from 4 acres; and so on—the results differ with varying circumstances—very largely according to the age of the trees.

This region admirably suits the winter apples, which keep well and therefore do not have to be thrown on the market, regardless of price, whether there is a dearth or a glut of fruit. Quantities of the

"fall" or autumn apples are still grown, though they are comparatively poor keepers, and many growers speak most highly of them as money getters; but the long keeping winter varieties are so successful in this lakeside district experts advise their cultivation in preference to other sorts. How well these apples keep is not so widely known as it

<sup>(1)</sup> There are, of course, fluctuations in the market price of apples as in the case of all prices. It will be understood that prices quoted here and in other instances in the same way are those ruling at the time the data used in the preparation of this pamphlet was obtained.



should be. If the apples are picked in good condition and immediately put into cold storage, they can be taken out in the following April and found as crisp and juicy as ever. In fact, at the end of October, I have eaten in England apples that were picked in Canada more than a year before.

The winter apples include the Northern Spy, the King, the Baldwin, the Ben Davis, the Greening and the Russet. Different growers have different favourites, and each variety has something to be said for it. The Spy is a magnificent fruit. The tree is about 15 years old before it yields a profitable crop, and it demands thorough cultivation; but then it has a vigorous constitution, it blossoms late, and the fruit need not be picked till late in the year. This apple has a rather delicate skin, and has to be carefully packed to avoid bruising, so it is not as commonly seen in England as it should be; but I have several times sent barrels of it to friends in the Old Country, and it always arrived without injury and astonished the folk here by its delicious fragrant richness.

The King apple's full name is King of Tompkin's County. This is not the only case of dignity being lessened rather than increased by the addition of titles. The King is quite of royal rank among

The apples, but it lives up to its name by being rather scarce.

King. As an official pomologist of the Ontario Government says,—

“On account of its excellent quality for cooking, its peculiarly rich aromatic flavour, its beautiful appearance and large size, this apple is taking the highest place in the great apple markets of the world. Unfortunately the tree is a poor bearer, and consequently unprofitable as an orchard variety, unless under exceptional circumstances. Top-grafted on Tolman Sweet, it is said to be more productive. For home use it is excelled by no apple.”

The Baldwin is very popular and profitable, as it exports well, and is very prolific. A full grown tree yields an average of eight barrels of apples, at any rate every second season—

The Baldwin. for it has its “off” as well as its “on” year, like most of its competitors.

The Ben Davis might be called the apple of discord, there is so much controversy between its detractors and its defenders. The fact is, the Ben Davis is not a very high class apple. It

The cannot be named in the same breath as the Spy. But

Ben Davis. then the tree is uncommonly hardy, it comes into bearing at the early age of five years, and it produces great crops of fruit, which keeps easily right through the winter. “Poor as it is,” says one grower, “it pays better than any—that is, if you take advantage of its keeping quality. It is a folly to sell it in the fall, when the market is stocked with apples that have to be sold because they won't keep. Of course people don't want it when they can get something better. But keep it in store till spring, when the aristocratic varieties are sold and eaten, and see how even the Ben Davis is snapped up. I sold some in February and only got 70 cents (2s 11d.) a barrel. It wasn't worth while sending them to market, so I gave away a lot. But I kept some till the third week in April, and they actually fetched \$4.25 (17s. 2d.) a barrel.”

The Greening is one of the finest cooking apples known—a big solid fruit of fine flavour—and as it does not profess to be good for a

Green it. The yield is high; one tree, about a hundred years old, and has produced 20 barrels of apples in a single season. The Brown. Russet is another productive variety, and is capital eating, but there is a prejudice against its brown skin in some quar-

ters. "It goes well in London," says an exporter, "but Glasgow won't look at it." Some people "eat with their eyes," as another fruit man puts it. Almost everywhere a good-looking red-skinned apple is preferred to one with an unattractive appearance, if the inside is equally good.

**Danger of Over-Supply.** "Is there any danger," I can imagine some readers asking—"any danger of an over-supply, with so many new orchards springing up?" That is always a question that has to be honestly faced when it is proposed to increase the production of any article. In this case there can not be any hesitation about the answer. There is no danger whatever of an over-supply of good apples, in any future that is near enough to be reckoned with. As one apple man observes, "there has been an over-production of poor fruit, but there never was and never will be an over-production of good fruit."

Another leading authority, Mr. A. W. Peart, of Burlington, says:—"A better system of distribution, the increase of population in our towns and cities, and the advancing tide of immigration towards our Northwest, are creating a demand for our fruits, both fresh and canned, the potentialities of which are practically as unlimited as the vast areas of virgin soil that are still unpeopled."

The apple is universally and perennially popular. Many articles of food satiate the appetite if eaten regularly day after day. The apple is not one of them. It is like bread; **Apples Always Popular.** people do not tire of it. It is a food that is also a medicine.

"An apple a day  
Keeps the doctor away."

There is a great deal of truth at the bottom of that old rhyme. Fruit of this kind is being more and more recognized as about the most effective and valuable article of diet for keeping the body in health.

Where the apple is easily grown, or easily obtained, there is already an enormous demand for it; and there is every sign that the demand will increase as fast as the supply, perhaps faster, even under present conditions. And the conditions can be greatly improved. A vast quantity of the apples now seen in the shops are very unattractive in appearance and poor in taste. Even if the total quantity sent to market did not increase, if the quality improved there would be a very large increase in the amount of money that the growers would receive. It may be said that the poor people can only afford poor apples; but there are vast numbers of people who would not object to paying a little more if they could get a better article, as well as a large number who are perfectly willing to pay first class prices for first class apples.

There is no reason, moreover, why first class apples should not be put within the reach of the multitude at prices considerably lower than they are now charged by retailers, and without reducing the amount that finds its way to the growers. Most of the orchardmen can increase their production per acre, as well as raise the fruit to a higher standard of quality, by improving their stock and their methods of cultivation. By the more general adoption of co-operation, and by its extension to more branches of the trade, they can get a higher proportion of the sum which the consumer pays.



To say that the apple-growing business is "only in its infancy" may provoke the retort—"A good-sized infant, surely." Yet it is true enough. When the apple-growers have acquired all the technical knowledge that is already to be had for the asking, when they have all adopted the most profitable methods of producing and marketing the fruit, when they have perfected their organization and developed connections with all parts of the world that can possibly be got to buy, they will look back with a smile on these early years of the twentieth century and say, "Ah, yes, apple-growing was only in its infancy then."

If any one doubts that Ontario's apple output could be vastly increased, let him read a remarkable statement by the President of the Provincial Fruit-Growers' Association, Mr. E. D. Smith, in their report for 1910. There are in Ontario, he says, about 7,000,000 apple trees in bearing. At an extremely modest estimate, they should produce every year at least one barrel per tree, or 7,000,000 barrels, of first and second grade apples (No. 1 and No. 2, as they are called) in addition to the smaller and poorer apples. Instead of that, they probably yield not more than 3,500,000 barrels of No. 1 and No. 2. This poor average, he points out, is simply due to the fungus and the codling moth; and both of these pests can be absolutely controlled even in the worst section of the country. "We must start at the beginning and enforce the production only of good fruit. With thorough spraying we can grow the finest Spys in the world, and the Spy is, taken all round, perhaps the most valuable apple in the world,—at any rate grown in Ontario. There is no country that can beat us in growing Baldwins. It seems to me that in those parts of Ontario where these apples thrive a national specialty ought to be made of them. The ordinary fruit-grower or farmer or packer can scarcely realize what might be made out of these fruits when properly grown. There is no difficulty in getting 50 cents per barrel more for well-grown and well-coloured fruit than for that which passes as the same grade, but merely passes.

"As an instance of the result of thoroughness, this season Mr. Joseph Tweddle, of Fruitland, grew and packed upon twelve acres of Spy orchard over 3,200 barrels of apples (that is, 266 barrels per acre, the great majority of which were No. 1, and he was obliged to throw out not more than 4 per cent of the total production of the trees on account of codling moth; whereas, in other orchards not so thoroughly sprayed, a large proportion of the crop, in some cases one-third of it, even in well-sprayed orchards, had to be thrown out on account of the ravages of the codling moth. These apples at the modest price of \$3 (12s. 6d.) per barrel for such choice stock brought a gross return of \$800 (£166) per acre from land that is only worth \$100 (£21) per acre, in the Township of Binbrook, where they were grown.

"I know of no kind of fruit-growing anywhere in Canada that will produce greater returns than this, except in very special cases indeed. I have seen crops of plums, peaches and blackberries bring considerably more money, but it happened to be a happy combination of a big crop with big prices. Now Mr. Tweddle's crop was undoubtedly a big one, but the price can be maintained nine years out of ten for Spys of the grade end quality that these were.

"There is scarcely any limit to the possibility of apple-growing

in Ontario. There are hundreds of thousands of acres of the choicest apple-growing land in the world still untouched. Our **Good Apples** markets are expanding and will expand more rapidly **always** in the future if we put up only a high grade of apples. **bring** We have never had a year when a very high grade of **Good Prices.** apples did not bring a profitable price in the British market. Our own market, west, is growing rapidly and will absorb enormous quantities of high grade apples. They are willing to pay an extra price for a good grade of apple. Even the United States market will frequently take large quantities of high grade apples, especially Spys."

Here is a remarkable example of what can be done with even a run down and neglected orchard by sensible and energetic treatment. Mr. Max Smith, of Burlington, Ontario, gave the facts at a recent meeting of the Fruit Growers' Association. He said:—"I might just instance one particular orchard of forty acres which had **A Bad** never been sprayed nor pruned nor ploughed nor fertilized **Orchard** in twenty years, so you can all figure about the shape that **made** orchard was in. I got possession of it in March, and I **Good.** sent about six men there to prune it, and I put on ten pounds of strong commercial fertilizer around each tree; and I sprayed it very thoroughly. I ploughed that orchard and tried to keep it cultivated all season, and I harvested over 2,000 barrels of beautiful apples. I have known that orchard for the last twenty years, and for the last ten years particularly, and the apples in that orchard have been perfect rubbish; in fact, a year ago I refused the orchard for the picking of it. I controlled the fungus, and failed to find any fungus of any description in the orchard. I controlled the Codling moth to the extent of about 80 per cent, which I thought very good under the circumstances."

The profits of an apple orchard can be increased not only by growing the best apples but by packing them in the best way. There is very great room for improvement along this line, though **Pack** cases of downright dishonesty have been reduced to a small **and** number by stringent laws. "It would be an ideal condition **Grade** in apple-packing," as Mr. E. D. Smith says, "if a merchant **Well.** in England or any distant place could be sure when he bought a parcel of apples as No. 1, that they would come up to a given standard, a uniform standard. There would then be no difficulty in finding a market for every barrel of apples packed in Ontario at the shipping point at a highly remunerative price."

Most of the apples are put into barrels, containing about 140 pounds each, or 3½ bushels. It is now being felt that really good fruit deserves and repays, better treatment. A friend of mine who grows the Spy, the Stark, the Greening and the Ben Davis, now puts all **Apples** except the Ben Davis into boxes. "A box is the thing," he **in** says. "A box measuring 20 by 11 by 10 inches (inside) **Boxes.** contains a bushel, or 40 pounds. In 1909 I got 8s. a box, and the apples were not the best. In 1910, I had little difficulty in getting 10s. and 12s. a box. The apples are protected by sheets of corrugated paper lining the box, and it is better still **Nearly** if each apple is wrapped in paper. For fruit in boxes I **Double** get nearly double what I was getting for the same fruit in **Price.** barrels.

The United Kingdom seems likely to remain by far the largest outside purchaser for Ontario apples. It is, indeed, a magnificent market. But the home demand is very large also. This is not the case



**The Export and Home Markets.** with every product of the Canadian farm. Cheese is a notable example. It is by no means a universal article of diet in Canada. Practically the whole output of Canadian cheese factories comes to the Old Country. It is quite otherwise with apples which are as popular at home as abroad. They are not only eaten at meals. It is a common practice in many Canadian homes of my acquaintance to leave a basket or plate of apples on the sideboard where all and sundry can help themselves at any time of day; and when I have been calling on my friends I have more often been offered an apple than a cigar or a cigarette, and much more often, I am glad to say, than a glass of whisky.

**The Western Demand.** The rise of population in the West helps the fruit-growers directly as well as indirectly. The West grows grain, and grain of the highest quality known in the world; but it does not grow the larger fruits, and accordingly it wants a large supply of apples from Ontario.

The advantage of being able to grow fruit that will "keep" for months is plain enough. The advantage is enormously increased if the fruit can be kept for years. And that advantage is now possessed by the Ontario orchardmen, in the shape of "canneries." **The Canneries.** The cannery gives them other advantages, too. It buys not only the highest-class fruit, —if the grower for any reason does not want to put it on the market fresh,—but the second class apples which the fresh-fruit buyer might turn up his nose at. It does not matter what an apple's skin looks like, if the skin is going to be taken off and the flesh cut up and packed in a tin.

I know there is still a prejudice surviving in some folk's minds against eating canned food; but the prejudice is dying out, and in the case of the Canadian canneries of my acquaintance **Canned Food.** there is certainly no ground for its survival. As a matter of fact, there is at least as much risk in eating "fresh" fruit and vegetables, which have necessarily passed through many hands before they reach your lips, as in eating food which has never been touched since it was taken direct from the farmer's cart at the cannery door and packed (largely by machinery) in a clean tin. It is a good thing that this is so, for canned food is not only a boon to the poor, but a necessity for all classes in many lands, especially in tropical and semi-tropical countries, where the fresh food desired by white folk is either hard to keep or impossible to get at all, and in new countries where the people are so thinly scattered that few can expect to have a shop within easy reach. In the newly settled West of Canada itself, for example, enormous quantities of canned foods are used. Even in the Old Country there is now a large demand for canned goods from over the sea. I know households where the **Canned Apples in the Old Country.** apple pies are always filled from the gallon tins of delicious Ontario apples which you can buy in London shops for 1s. 1d. or 1s. 2d. (The gallon tin contains about 7 pounds.) In quality, the pie is certainly as good as if it had been made from apples bought at a fruiterer's or from a street stall, which would cost perhaps at least 2d. and probably 3d. or 4d. a pound before peeling and coring. All the trouble of that process is saved, and so is all the waste.

I may add that large quantities of fruit are "evaporated" and sold as dried apples; and that considerable quantities also are used to make cider, which is turned into vinegar,—excellent vinegar it is, too.

Germany is one of the best customers Canada has for the produce of the evaporators. The very peelings and cores of the apples are dried and sent over to Germany in the form of pulp or **'Chop'** "chop," for use in making cheap jam. Millions of **for** "culls"—apples too small to peel, being less than two **France** inches in diameter—are treated in the same way. They **and** are sliced up and dried and shipped over to France **Germany.** and Germany. More of this "chop" is landed at

Havre than at any other port, and it is believed to be used for cider, the favourite drink in Normandy and Brittany. A hundred-pound mass of dried "chop" represents about 16 bushels of apples from which the moisture has been evaporated. The French cider-makers have no difficulty in restoring the moisture and swelling the mass to its original size and weight by simply adding the required amount of water.

### CHAPTER III.

#### OTHER CROPS BESIDE APPLES.

Even in this peculiarly favoured apple region on the shore of Lake Ontario, there are innumerable farms where fruit-growing is a mere "side issue," or even neglected altogether.

It would be foolish to say that because a district as a whole is well fitted for apple-growing therefore apple orchards should cover every acre of the ground. The character of the soil and **"Mixed** the "lay of the land" may vary greatly in different **Farming"** parts of one district,—even in different parts of the **Continues.** same farm. If a man grows apples at all, even on a single acre or half-acre, let him grow them in the very best way. But it is quite possible that his farm as a whole has peculiarities which fit it more for some other kind of farming. That, I am afraid, is not the reason why you see so much "general farming," or "mixed farming," in this region. The true explanation, as a rule, is that the farmers in question are simply following old traditions,—doing as their fathers did before them,—without seriously considering whether a change would not be advisable. Still, let us recognize the fact that a great deal of energy is still devoted, and in some cases quite wisely and profitably devoted, to other branches of farm work than apple-growing in the apple district.

It may also be said that even if a man is a specialist in apple-growing it does not follow that he should do nothing with his land but grow apples on it. I know fruit specialists who hold very strongly that this exclusive policy is a mistake,—not so much **Fruit** because it is "putting all your eggs in one basket," as **and** because the fruit trees themselves need the manure **Live-stock.** that is supplied by live-stock. "Therefore," say these folk, "let us combine fruit-growing with dairying." To be sure, if cattle are kept, a good deal of farm space has to be given up to growing food for them; experts say that many Ontario farmers spend far too much in buying cattle-food that they could more profitably grow themselves; and this cattle-food itself demands manure.

When high authorities differ, it is not for me to decide. It seems reasonable, however, that where there is considerable variety of soil



in a district, the farms or portions of farms peculiarly fit for live-stock and fodder crops should be devoted solely to that purpose, and the farms or portions of farms peculiarly fit for fruit-growing should be devoted to fruit-growing alone. The capacity and in-

**Suggested** genuity of the farmers may be able to work out a co-  
**Division of** operative scheme by which one set of men can devote  
**Labour.** their whole time and talents to specializing in fruit and another set of men to specializing in live-stock, even if that involves an exchange of land, or an exchange of the use of land, between them. Already, as we shall see in another chapter, farmers are getting into the habit of exchanging work.

Even in an apple orchard itself, while the trees are too young and small to need the whole of the soil, there is room to grow a good deal else between them. This, of course, is only  
**Orchard Profits** a temporary measure; and the farmer who is  
**before the** really determined to get the utmost profit from his  
**Apples come.** apple trees does not hesitate to clear away all the "fillers," profitable as they may be in their time, as soon as the apple tree roots begin to come in competition with theirs.

To show what can be done to make an orchard profitable even before the apple trees begin to bear, let me quote the experience of an Ontario farmer as given by him to the Fruit-Growers' Association. In 1904 he took four acres which had been under clover the year before, and planted apple trees in rows 40 feet apart, with "fillers," including cherries, plums, pears, strawberries, raspberries, and a hoe crop. (He added peaches, but they are not recommended for the district we are now concerned with.) He estimates that the hoe crops were enough to pay for the cost of cultivation. The fruit gathered in four years, 1906 to 1909, inclusive, brought in \$3,031 (£630) gross, or \$1,550 (£333) net cash after paying for the trees and plants, the fertilizers, picking, packing, freight and commission.

The second crop from the strawberry bed in this orchard yielded over 12,000 boxes from an acre and a half, bringing in \$800 (£166) gross and costing \$75 (under £16). He admits that it is impossible to say yet how far the future life of the  
**Strawberries** apple trees may have been impaired by this process;  
**and** but he does not seem to have any misgivings in his  
**Raspberries** own mind. While some say that raspberries had  
**among** better not be grown in an orchard, this grower  
**Apples.** observes that seven-year old Spy trees, which yielded 12 barrels of wormy apples the year before he planted the raspberries among them, yielded 50 barrels of sound apples in 1909 after being in company with raspberries for five years, while the raspberries themselves yielded over 6,000 boxes. This is how he sums up his experience:—"I have reared a young orchard to the bearing point without costing anything, and have a handsome profit to its credit from the ground crop of small fruits."

A good deal is done in plums, which make capital "fillers" in an orchard of slow-maturing apple trees like the Spy and other fruit. I have seldom tasted finer pears than I found growing on the land of one of the most successful apple-men on this north shore  
**Plums** of Lake Ontario. Big, luscious, exquisitely flavoured, the  
**and** fruit seems to melt in the mouth, while it gives the teeth  
**Pears.** a little mild employment. Pears, however, are comparatively uncertain in price. At one time they bring in a high figure; at another time, though equally good, they scarcely pay the

cost of sending them to market. There is no such violent fluctuation in the price of good apples.

There are some fine cherry orchards hereabouts, and the owners are evidently satisfied with their paying capacity. Some men, too (like our friend with the miscellaneous orchard quoted **Cherries** above) are doing very well with strawberries and other **and** small fruit, which thrive amazingly,—as, indeed, they do **Berries.** in almost every part of the Dominion. Strawberries do not grow as large in Canada as in the Old Country, but ours cannot beat them in flavour. No country can be more congenial than Canada for small fruit, such as raspberries and currants, which in a state of nature are constantly surprising and delighting the traveller in still uncultivated regions.

One strawberry grower reports that his crop of 512 crates (each crate containing 24 boxes, and each box about four-fifths of an Imperial quart) brought him in over 4 cents (2d.) a box net cash, after paying for packages, freight and commission.

Probably a third or even a half of the strawberries and raspberries grown in Ontario are taken by the local jam factories and canneries. At one time it pays the farmer best to dispose of his fruit in this way; at another time he can make more by sending it to the towns for sale fresh.

As for nuts, they are rarely cultivated. The walnut tree grows well, but it is chiefly valued for its timber. The wild butter-nut, which is preferred to the walnut, is gathered in considerable **Nuts.** quantities, and so is the hickory nut. Before the deforestation of the country the beechnut was a natural product of some value to the settler as food for his pigs.

“Love-apple” was an old name for the tomato; and some people still ask whether it is “a vegetable” or “a fruit.” Whatever name you give it, and however you classify it, its taste will be just the same, so we may safely leave the riddle unanswered.

**Fields** If it is a “vegetable,” it is a prince of vegetables.  
**of** Stewed tomatoes are one of the simplest and easiest  
**Tomatoes.** dishes to prepare; indeed, all you have to do with a tin of tomatoes is to heat it and empty the contents into a dish. On the other hand, most elaborate and savouring kickshaws can be made of the tomato with the aid of such ordinary trifles as bread-crumbs, chopped bacon and parsley, and a sprinkling of grated cheese. Of the virtues of tomato sauce, Mr. Pickwick’s testimony stands on record and needs no corroboration.

In its natural state we are well acquainted with the tomato as the crown and completion of a salad. But, after all, in this country we only know the tomato as an imported foreigner, or a delicate raised under glass. In the warm open air of Canada it luxuriates. I have often looked out from my window on a tomato field; and on a hot day a ripe tomato picked off the plant and eaten like an apple is as refreshing and thirst-quenching as a bunch of grapes,—perhaps more so.

The tomato pays exceedingly well—if it gets a chance. Many farmers in Prince Edward, where special attention has been given to the tomato, declare that it pays them better than any other crop. They often get 500 bushels off an acre, and occasionally 600 bushels.

In a bad year I have found different growers getting from **Tomato** 200 to 400 bushels an acre. When the yield falls to the **Profits.** lowest of these figures the profit is reduced to vanishing point,—but 500 bushels at 25 cents (1s. ½d.) will mean a net



profit of about £12 an acre. As a matter of fact, experiments have shown that the tomato yield can be raised to 1,000 bushels an acre. At Guelph, where the Ontario Government has its agricultural college, 20 varieties were tested (nine plants of each) and yielded averages of 26½ to 35½ pounds per plant, of good ripe fruit. The plants were set four feet apart, in rows five feet apart; and they received no special treatment.

The tomato is grown chiefly to be canned. So is the sweet corn. It averages about three tons of green ears per acre, and the takings are only about \$20 (or £4 3s. 4d.) per acre; but the corn is **Maize.** more easily handled than the tomatoes, and gives food for livestock as well as for man.

Peas are another crop very largely raised in this **Peas.** district, partly for canning and partly for sale as seed. At cannery prices, peas will bring the farmer about \$50 (£10 8s.) an acre.

I spoke a little while ago about the canneries as a market for the orchard-man's surplus apples,—or for the whole of his apples, if for any reason he does not want to sell them in the natural state. As you will have seen by now, the canneries take many other kinds of farm produce,—such as corn, tomatoes, peas, pears, plums, and small fruit.

It is a great and growing industry in Ontario, that of **A Visit** canning. Less than twenty years ago there were only half **to a** a dozen canneries in the whole Province. To-day there **Cannery.** are about seventy. Let us pay a visit to one and see what is going on.

“We are only canning corn to-day,” says the manager as we enter. That is enough. We could have no better example of the magic of machinery. To be sure, the outer husks are torn off by hand,—by the hands of men and women, and even boys **Conjuring** and girls, for it is Saturday, and a number of children **with** have come to help their parents. The big solid heads of **Corn.** corn are raised by machinery to an upper story, where more machinery seizes them, scrapes off the grain, and discharges the woody core on to an ever-increasing pile,—to be carted back to the farm for horses and cattle to munch. The corn itself is mixed with boiling water containing a little sugar and salt, and poured into another machine which automatically puts just the right amount into each tin as it comes up to be filled. The lids are soldered on by machinery, leaving only a little vent-hole to be soldered by hand.

The canning season lasts from the beginning of July till October or November. An industry that only gives employment for half the year must plainly have some difficulty in keeping up its **A** labour supply. Some of the canneries make their own **Labour** tins and put together their own cases in the off season, **Question.** so that they can give work to a certain number of men in the winter and be sure of their services when the canning season begins again. “We can't get the help we want,” says one manager, “simply because we can't offer work all the year round.” Still, somehow or other enough workers are scraped together, and one combination of thirty-one canneries manages to turn out every year about a million cases. As each case contains 24 two-pound tins, that means forty-eight million pounds of food.

To keep up the supply of their raw material, the cannery will give the farmer a contract to take all he grows of the crop they shall want.

**Prices to Growers.** I found farmers getting from the cannery \$7 (29s. 2d.) a ton for corn, 25 cents (1s. 0½d.) a bushel for tomatoes, \$25 (£5 4s. 2d.) a ton for shelled peas,—the canner does the shelling,—and \$2.50 to \$3 (10s. 5d. to 12s. 6d.) a ton for pumpkins. About \$1 (4s. 2d.) a barrel was being given for apples, and 3½ to 5 cents (1½d. to 2½d.) a pound for strawberries, for which, however, 6 cents (3d.) had been given not many months before.

To keep up quality as well as quantity in the supply, the canners grow seed corn and peas of just the varieties needed, for sale to such farmers as will cultivate them and bring in the produce.

I found, by the way, that at the time of my visit the canners were selling corn at 65 cents (2s. 8½d.) per dozen tins. This, it was claimed, was only about cost price; they were accepting such a low **Cheap and Good.** figure in order to clear off the previous year's stock. However that may be, there is no doubt that if corn can be sold wholesale at the rate of two pounds for 2½d. there ought to be a large market for it retail among the poor people of the Old Country,—if they only knew how delicious and nourishing it was. Canned peas were being sold at the same price, and canned tomatoes at 70 cents (2s. 11d.) a dozen.

Market gardening is practiced to some extent in this district, but it is not till you get back to the neighbourhood of **Market Gardening.** Toronto that this industry becomes very important. As the other towns grow, their demand for flowers and early vegetables may be expected to grow too.

We all know by this time that the maple leaf is the national emblem of Canada. The virtue of the sugar maple was discovered very early in the country's history, and pioneer settlers, waging destructive war on the forest which covered their future **Maple Syrup.** fields, generally spared a patch of these particular trees. The sap, when it begins to run strong under the spring sun, is drawn off through holes cut in the tree, and is boiled down to make sugar,—or, more commonly now, to make syrup, which may be used to glorify many insipid articles of food, and in company with buckwheat griddle cakes is supreme.

## CHAPTER IV.

### LIVE STOCK AND DAIRY FARMING.

The busy bee, the smallest variety of live-stock kept in Canada, is one of the fruit-grower's best friends, for in the course of its flight it carries the fertilizing pollen from blossom to blossom.

**Bees and Honey.** Some men keep bees simply for this purpose, buying a fresh supply every year and letting them swarm off. The neighbouring orchardmen as well as the actual owners, of course, benefit by the roaming of these exemplary insects. There is always a good market for honey, if a man cares to go in for it.

On nearly every farm you will find fowls picking up a living for themselves in summer, and the number is increasing. Very few farmers make a specialty of poultry; but experiments on a considerable scale have proved that hens can be made **Poultry and Eggs.** to lay all through the Canadian winter without any artificial heat in their houses, and the consequence is that many farmers are thinking more and more of the lowly hen as a substantial contributor to the credit side of the balance sheet.



The prices obtainable are certainly encouraging. I find people giving 16 cents (8d.) a dozen for eggs in the hens' busiest laying season, and 22 cents (11d.) in the autumn. Not many years ago, 10 cents (5d.) a dozen was reckoned a good price. Good-sized chickens fetch from 75 cents to \$1 (3s. 1½d. to 4s. 2d.) a pair. For turkeys also there is a large demand, especially as Thanksgiving Day and Christmas approach, and you will find them selling in the market at from \$1 to \$3 (4s. 2d. to 12s. 6d.) apiece or about 12 cents (6d.) a pound. Ducks and geese are not raised on a large scale.

Taking the eastern counties of Ontario together, the greatest of agricultural industries is dairying; and the farther east you go the greater you find it. The whole Province, according to returns collected in the summer of 1910, contains 2,567,128 head of cattle, of which only a minority are used for dairying,—the exact **Cattle.** figures being: milch cows, 1,052,796, and other cattle, 1,514,332. Even in Durham and Northumberland, milch cows are still in a minority. In Prince Edward, however, and still more in Hastings, they are in a large majority. Of all the fifty counties in Ontario, moreover, only one exceeds Hastings in the size of its dairy herd.

Of the cattle raised for meat I need say little. Almost all Canadians eat beef and pork in quantities which the poorer **For Meat.** classes in the Old Country could hardly trust themselves to dream of.

The dairy farmers of Ontario have built up an enormous business with the Old Country. They have been enabled to do this **Where** by the establishment of hundreds of cheese and butter **the** factories all over the Province. These are co-operative or **Cheese** joint-stock concerns, the shares being owned by the farmers. **Comes** The milk is sent every second day (or every day, in summer) to the factory, where it is made into cheese of a good **From.** uniform quality; this is shipped over to the British Islands, and the money comes back to the farm in proportion to the milk which that farm supplied.

The single county of Hastings sends us about £400,000 worth of cheese every year. The whole annual output of the **Cheese** Ontario factories, in cheese alone, amounts to about **Factories.** £3,000,000. Many of the factories make butter when the season for cheese is over; but the home demand for butter is so large that comparatively little can be spared for export.

A wonderful improvement in the dairy farmer's position has come from the establishment of this factory system; but we shall see at least as wonderful an improvement in the future.

Before the days of co-operative dairying, when everything was done on a small scale,—when each farmer had to make his own butter and sell it as best he could,—a man would keep two or **Benefits** three cows. To-day, when he only has to supply the milk, **all** and the co-operative dairy turns it into cheese and money, **Round.** he keeps a dozen or so; and many a farmer keeps two or three score. This means a largely increased income to the farmer; largely increased business to the merchants and manufacturers, who supply him with goods of all sorts; a largely increased number of men employed by the merchants and manufacturers, and therefore a largely increased demand for food products of the farm. The larger herd of cattle also means more manure, and therefore more fertility for the soil.

While the number of milch cows kept by the farmers is increasing a marked improvement in the class of stock is taking place. In the past too little attention was devoted to the selection of the breeding stock, and farmers wasted a good deal of energy in keeping a comparatively unproductive class of cows.

Happily, the very fact that cows are found on Ontario farms yielding over 13,000 pounds of milk shows that the process of improving the herds has begun, and on some farms has gone very far indeed. I hear of one Ontario dairyman who has brought his herd of fifty cows up to an average of 8,000 pounds of milk per head per year,—not 8,000 pounds for the best cow, but for the whole herd. Many farmers have increased their milk yield 20, 25, or 30 per cent, simply by two or three selections in breeding. If even that modest increase, say 25 per cent, had been achieved all round, the Ontario farmers would be making an extra £1,750,000 a year. The present dairy output of the Province is about £7,000,000. With an addition of 25 per cent, it would be £8,750,000.

Hog-raising dovetails naturally into dairying; the whey brought back from the cheese factory goes a long way in feeding the pigs. At midsummer, 1910, there were 1,561,042 swine in Ontario, and the number sold or slaughtered in the preceding twelvemonth was 1,844,405.

The President of the Dairymen's Association of Western Ontario says:—"It is becoming recognized more and more each year that not only are there profits to be obtained in combined dairying and hog-raising, but also that there is no other system of farming that will keep up the fertility of the soil and increase the value of the land with as much profit as dairying."

Here again, is an industry with a great future before it; for it is a little difficult to imagine the human race, and our own people in particular, losing their taste for bacon and ham and pork. The only question is—where shall we get them from? There is no reason why the Canadians, and those who go out from this country to join them, should not supply us with a far larger proportion of the bacon and ham we eat. At present we draw far too much of our supply from foreign countries.

The Professor of Animal Husbandry at the Guelph Agricultural College has been telling his fellow-Canadians that there is no good reason why they should hand over the British bacon market to the people of Denmark. He says, Canadians "have an immense advantage in the matter of cost of production, and we could drive the Dane out of the British market if we went about it the right way. The Dane has learned to supply his customer with what he wants. When we learn the same lesson, Canada can once more assert her supremacy in the British market."

There is one farmer of my acquaintance in Hastings County who gets about £500 a year from the milk of forty cows, and is able to keep about £400 worth of hogs. This man farms on a large scale, and, still better, in a thoroughly systematic way. He was not a farmer to begin with; he left the farm that his father had cleared from the forest, and entered professional life,—but he came "back to the land," and see what he



**" Came Back  
to the  
Land."**

has made of it. The old farm had something over 500 acres in it; he has increased it to 1,100 acres. I have mentioned his herds of kine and swine. He also has four apple orchards; pears and plums and cherries besides. The quantity of maize that he grows to provide his cows with succulent winter feed may be imagined from the fact that his silo, built of cement, is 40 feet high and 15 feet in diameter.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE OLD COUNTRYMAN'S CHANCE.

When I say that 1,900,000 apple trees were planted in Ontario in one year (1910), besides 215,000 pear trees, 279,000 cherry trees, 268,000 plum trees, 409,000 peach trees and 115,000 grape vines, you can imagine what a vast increase there has been in the area under fruit, and what a demand there must be for men to work it.

Already, both in the fruit districts and in parts devoted to general agriculture, farmers have complained that they cannot get enough competent men,—sometimes that they cannot even get incompetent men. They make the best of a bad job. By the introduction and improvement of labour-saving machinery, and by the exchange of labour with their friends, they are generally able to "scramble through somehow"; but they have often been prevented from cultivating the land as well as they ought. The absolutely necessary work is got through, perhaps, but much more could be done that would increase the farm profits, and would be done if there were men to do it. For instance, many orchard-men, who admit that the fruit ought in a heavy year to be thinned out, say they simply have not the time to do it.

If that has been so in the past, what will be the case now with all these millions of new trees to be cultivated?

The situation will be a little relieved by the farmers' sons staying in the country. In the old days there was so much hardship and drudgery in farm work, and so little was understood of the great possibilities of scientific agriculture, that boys got into the habit of deserting the country for the town and going in for the other professions. The conditions and prospects of farming are now so much better and pleasanter that farmers' sons who have been well educated in high schools, even if they

have not had the greater advantage of a course in an agricultural college, are coming back to enter their fathers' business.

Several examples of this occur to me at the moment. A man who has been growing fruit till he is "worth," as the saying is, a matter of £6,000, has two sons finishing their course at a High School in the neighbouring town. Both are coming back to the fruit-growing. A neighbour of his has four sons, and he is buying a farm for every one of them. A few years ago these boys would hardly have been able to resist the temptation of city and "professional" careers. And numberless other examples might be given.

Then, many of the young men who did not want to give up farming altogether were smitten by the "western fever," and joined in the rush to the Prairie Provinces, where they could get land for nothing

and make money by wheat raising. Nowadays, a good many who would have done this are finding that they can do at any rate just as well in the Province where they were born.

Still, once a habit has grown up it does not die out in a day. Many boys will continue to go away into the towns or migrate to the West; and for years to come there is certain to be a great demand for men on Ontario farms, especially as the amount of work to be done is increasing so largely with the extension of the orchards.

Accordingly, both the Dominion Government and the Provincial Government are trying to get men of the right stamp from the Old Country. To keep out men of the wrong sort,

**Keeping out the "Wrong Sort."** various regulations have been made. Emigrants with a bad moral record, or physical disabilities likely to make them a burden on the community or a disgrace to it, are kept out altogether, or shipped back to Europe when the facts are known. It has also been decreed

**Rules about Emigrants.** that ordinary emigrants must have £5 each in their possession on landing,—or £10 if they go over in the winter. But emigrants who are going to do farm work are so badly wanted that they are specially exempted from this rule, if they have some definite situation to go to,—which is very easy to arrange, as the Government officials and the best emigration organizations always have the names of thousands of farmers asking for men. They must also have the necessary means of getting to the point where employment awaits them.

It is the experienced and qualified man, naturally, who is wanted most; and, next to him, the man without experience who is determined to learn and to become qualified. Unfortunately **Worthless Labour.** a great many men have gone out from England who seem unable or unwilling to learn. They not only exasperate the farmers who give them work, but create a prejudice against their fellow-Englishmen who are of quite a different stamp.

Many men who have gone over without any knowledge **Men who Learned.** of farm work have by sheer determination gained experience enough in a very short time to make themselves highly useful and therefore highly valued.

A friend of mine in one of these orchard districts, a man who knows practically every farm and its occupants, says:—"Most of the hired help around here is from the Old Country,—

**Immigrants "Making Good."** generally Englishmen and Scotchmen, with some Irishmen. Some who came from towns have had rather a hard time of it, chiefly because of their own defects; but nearly all the immigrants have done well and are saving money. The next generation of all these immigrants will be our farmers, and they will be emphatically all right.

"For example, there's Mr. A. When he came over five years ago he was so poor that I had to help him. Now he has a rented farm of 100 acres and he is doing really well on it. Then there's Mr. B., who had been a coachman or hostler near Edinburgh. He has a rented farm, got some live-stock, and is going ahead. Mr. C., another old-country-man, has bought a 25-acre farm and is doing well. Mr. D., an expoliceman from Glasgow, a magnificent man, started here as a farm-labourer, worked his way up, and was able to help C. by lending him £100."

On a fruit farm in the same district I found an Englishman who went out a few years ago with very little experience, and is now



managing the whole place for the owner, who has a business elsewhere. A younger brother of this farm-bailiff went out to join him after leaving the army, and has also proved himself "the right stuff."

Among the older inhabitants I found a Welshman who went out about 25 years ago, without money, and worked for others till he could rent a farm for himself. Step by step he advanced, till a few years ago he was able to give \$7,000 (over £1,400) for a farm of 150 acres. There he and his family live happily in a comfortable brick house surrounded by its garden and beautiful trees; "and nice, clean, tidy people they are," as one of his neighbours said to me. He has a good orchard, but goes in more for dairying, selling milk to the town close by; and his herd of cows must be worth £400.

And here is an Englishman, the son of a Norfolk farm labourer, whom I met in Prince Edward County. He went out as a young man, worked for a farmer till he could rent a farm of 130 acres,—taking it for five years at £60 a year,—and 18 years ago was able to buy his present farm of 112 acres with a good sized house and other buildings, for \$4,500 (over £900). Lately, he bought another farm, of 100 acres, for his son, paying \$600 (say £120) of the price in cash and leaving the rest (over £800) on mortgage at the low rate of 4 per cent interest.

Here is a letter from an Englishman, who begins by saying:—"I shall feel well rewarded if this short sketch of my life in the Province of Ontario would be the means of encouraging men and families like mine to start for Canada." He and his eldest daughter, sixteen years of age, went out together. The day after their arrival in Ontario the father found work in a large greenhouse establishment at 12½ cents (6½d.) an hour. "My pay has increased year by year. My pay after

**The Result  
of  
Five Years'  
Work.**

5 years, was 24 cents an hour. The same firm now pays to fresh men 15 cents (7½d.) an hour, steady work all the year round. My daughter soon found employment at good pay; her pay is now 30s. per week. It may interest you to know that when I got my first wages, all the money I had left was 2s. I left my wife and six daughters in England with 20s. to get along with, and had to support them out of my earnings. I accepted a loan of £40 at six per cent from a friend in England to enable me to get my family,—the youngest a baby,—out to Canada. In nine months after my family's arrival, I paid the £40 back with six per cent interest, and furnished a home, all paid for, in less than one year. Now, after five years in this country I have a brick house, two storeys, and a building lot for which I paid \$1,210 (£247), and a valuable six-acre plot of land for which I paid \$1,200 (£245) cash

**Anything  
like this in  
England.**

down. (You men with growing families and thrifty habits, can you do anything like this in England?) I am now working my own land as a fruit farm. My daughters can find plenty of work at good pay. Girls at fourteen years start at 10s. a week of five and a half days; at seventeen years, 20s. to 23s. a week, with Saturday afternoon off."

I am always on the watch for cases of the opposite kind,—men who have not succeeded,—and where complaints of failure are heard they should be honestly examined to discover what is at the bottom of them. I am bound to say that in nearly every case the failure is due to the man himself, or, sometimes, to the wife, who has proved a hindrance instead of a help.

Thirty years' experience of Canada and the Canadians compels me to receive with the utmost suspicion the statements of men who throw the blame of their failure on either the country or the people. There are black sheep among the Canadians who would take advantage of a stranger, as they would of a fellow-country-

**Complaints.** man. But a man must be on his guard against rascals in any country, and I know of no land where the standard of personal honesty is higher than it is in Canada. There are also churlish folk who give snappish answers and ignore the delightful duties of hospitality; but they are themselves the worst sufferers by their defect of character, and they can be left severely alone. The vast majority of Canadians are genuinely hospitable and open-hearted to new-comers who do not either hold aloof or show signs of questionable character.

I may quote here from a few other letters, sent home to the Ontario Office in London by recent emigrants, who incidentally touch on the reception given to new-comers in that Province. One man says:—

**Letters from Emigrants.**

“I like my place very well. I am engaged for twelve months and I have twenty dollars a month, board and lodging and washing. The people are very nice with me. There is plenty of work for farm hands out here; if any young men want to come out to Canada, tell them to go on the farm, for that is the work that pays a single man.”

Another Englishman writes:—“I am very comfortably quartered on this farm (100 acres mixed). I am engaged here for a year, after which I propose to go to the college at Guelph for scientific instruction. I am more than pleased with the life of this country, and the people too. No man need feel dull,—though far from village or town; there are debating societies and good libraries of reference, and scientific books which are invaluable. There is considerable demand for labour here, and men of the ‘right sort’ can always obtain good quarters.”

In a third letter I read:—“I am awfully comfortable here; I have practically the use of a horse and buggy whenever I like, and the work, though hard, is very nice and interesting, and they don't push at all.”

A fourth writer says:—“I am delighted with Canada and its people, and the more I see of it the more it appeals to me.”

A fifth correspondent writes:—“I think I shall like fruit farming very much, and I don't think there are many young men that would not like it. It is much more healthy than working in the city.”

To make up the half dozen, let me quote one other immigrant, who also has settled in a fruit district:—“It is a very nice country here. There seem to be plenty of opportunities for one to get out here, and I wonder there are not more people coming out. Truly, Canada is a great country.”

I see in an official pamphlet a statement that the wages of experienced farm hands in Ontario run from £4 to £6 a month, with board, while the inexperienced men get £1 15s. to £3, also including board. The writer adds:—“So much depends upon the qualifications of the applicant that the figures can only be approximate.”

**Wages of Farm Labourers.**

That is a fair statement of the case. My own inquiries confirm the official figures, so far as they go; and I can go a little further.



A friend of mine with a considerable orchard, relies to some extent on men living in the neighbourhood for help by the day in the busiest season. They work by the day; but he also has an Englishman in his permanent employ. To this man he pays \$35 (£7 6s.) a month for eight months, and \$20 (£4 3s.) a month for the rest of the year, making £76 12s. for the twelve month in cash. But in addition the man has a five-roomed cottage, woodshed, fuel, a daily quart of milk and garden ground enough to grow all the vegetables he wants for his family—all free of cost.

The ordinary wage of a capable man in these fruit districts is \$25 or \$30 (£5 4s. or £6 5s.) a month for the season of eight months, with board and lodging. It is not every farmer who has a separate cottage for his man to live in; but the wisdom of providing this is being more and more recognized. If a man has a comfortable little home of his own he is less likely to have a restless desire to move away. He can bring up a family—which is a good thing for all concerned. The wife and children can get plenty of healthy work about the farmhouse and orchard, which adds considerably to the family income, and at the same time relieves the farmer of anxiety when extra help is wanted.

The farmers are also finding the advantage of engaging a good man by the year, even though there is comparatively little to do in the four winter months,—instead of letting him go at the end of the eight months' season and trusting Providence to send another man in the spring. A newcomer should always try to get a full year's contract; and if he is really competent he will generally succeed in doing so.

More slowly, but surely, the farmer is coming to see the advisability and possibility of regular working hours, so that his men can know exactly what time they will have for themselves. When this amount of consideration is shown them, they are found to be perfectly willing to give the extra time necessary in the busiest part of the season.

A farmer who has adopted this system on his combined dairy and fruit farm tells me that the result has been altogether good. "A neighbour of mine," he says, "keeps his men at work as long as he can. They are often up at four; they do not get any rest time at breakfast, nor a full hour at noon. The consequence is they are tired all the time. On my place, we start at five, take a full hour at breakfast and another hour at dinner time, and knock off again at five, after which there's nothing to be done except the evening milking. The work is better done, and the men are satisfied.

"I have never had any trouble about help, and I have three men who have been with me for eight years. One reason for the trouble some farmers have is that they turn men adrift for the winter. I always give a yearly contract, and there's enough work in winter to make it worth while. I have five men in rent-free houses. The foreman gets \$325 (£67 14s.) a year, a house worth \$100 (£20 16s.) a year, and a garden with all sorts of fruit. He has two cows of his own, besides pigs and poultry. Each of the other men gets \$275 (£57 6s.) a year, with a house and garden, and I keep a cow for them. For eight months in the year I employ extra men at \$1.25 (5s. 2d.) a day. All my men

at present are Canadians, but I have often had Englishmen and Scotsmen, and when they are used to the work they are as good as any."

The Old Country-man who wants to take up fruit-growing under the best conditions, with a practically certain prospect of success, has a really fine opportunity in the region I have described.

**The Poor Man's Opportunity.** If he has no capital, he will, of course, begin by working for a fruit-grower who is already established, if possible one who is thoroughly up-to-date in his methods.

A man with a little capital will do the same, if he is well advised. Even if he is an experienced farmer himself, and knows a good deal about fruit-growing in the Old Country, he

**The Man with Capital.** will gain immensely by getting practical experience of the new country and its methods before he sets up for himself; and the delay will give him not only this local experience but the additional capital he needs to start independent operations.

Even if a man has capital enough, I should strongly advise him to take the same course, hiring himself out,—as hundreds of educated men have done,—for at least one season, and working as if he had not a penny in the world. However confident he may be in his own judgment, he will be far better able after that experience to judge between the various orchard lands offered him, and to make the best use of the land when at last he buys.

**More Haste Less Speed.** As I have said before, what is worth having is worth hunting. A new-comer may possibly run across "the very place for him" before he is a week in the country; but he is far more likely to get it if he has chosen it deliberately, from a number of places offered, after careful investigation.

Farms come into the market for various reasons. In a new country, for one thing, the people are not so immovably rooted to the spot where they live, as they often seem to be in the

**Why Farms are for Sale.** Old Country. A man may have a very good farm, but he has no hesitation about selling it at a profit if he thinks he can afford a better one. Moreover, healthy as a farmer's life is, he cannot live for ever, and when he dies some one else must step into his place. Very commonly the farmer

retires from business while still hale and hearty, having made plenty to live on without working to the end of his days. Thousands of these retired farmers may be found living in peace and comfort in the villages and towns of Ontario. If there are no sons, or if the sons have made homes for themselves elsewhere, the farm is generally sold.

Sometimes the owner prefers to get a tenant, or to entrust the farm to a practical man who will work it "on shares,"—that is, the owner and occupier dividing the proceeds of the crop. This

**Farms to Rent.** gives an opportunity to the experienced man who is not quite ready to buy a place of his own. Most of the farms in Ontario, however, are the freehold of the farmers who live on them, and most of the men who go there from the United Kingdom will be glad to find themselves in a country where they can be their own landlords.

The capital required varies not only according to the kind and size of farm and buildings, but according to whether the buyer wants



**Capital  
Required.**

to pay cash in full or in instalments. The seller is generally quite willing to take a mortgage for the greater part of the price, charging moderate interest (I mentioned one case in which the rate was as low as 4 per cent, but 5 or 5½ per cent is more usual on amounts left owing.

**Loans  
on  
Mortgage.**

There are plenty of reputable Trust Companies and individuals always ready to advance money on mortgage, if the seller insists on cash down. Some farmers say they find it more profitable to put their savings back into their own farms,—improving the land and buildings, and enlarging their orchards,—than to pay off their mortgages. This policy may be carried to dangerous extremes; but the moderate use of borrowed capital, when a regular sum is set aside every year for repayment, is helpful and justifiable.

It is generally estimated that a man with \$5,000 (say £1,040) is in a position to buy a good hundred-acre farm. If he has \$2,000 (say £416), he can still buy the farm, but of course he will have to pay interest, say \$150 or \$165 (£31 5s. or £34 7s. 6d.) for the first

**Prices of Farms.** year, to be reduced as fast as he repays the principal. These figures take \$50 (£10 8s.) an acre as the freehold price of a good average farm, including buildings. But the prices of farms vary greatly,—from \$20 to \$100 (or, say, from £4 to £20) an acre, according to an official statement. One farm has been kept in better condition than another, or a larger proportion of its area has been brought under cultivation, or it has better buildings, or is nearer a railway station or market town.

“Thee can’t pay too much for good land, and poor land is dear at any price.” So said a wise old Quaker in Prince Edward County.

**Chances in a Poor Farm.** Nevertheless, a poorly cultivated farm, with a very modest dwelling, so long as the soil is good, may be just the place for a man with small capital who has the skill to work it up vigorously into high condition,—which, of course, will mean high value if he wants to sell.

A man with considerable means, on the other hand, will probably prefer a farm already in first rate order, with a good house and other buildings, and will be ready to pay the price. I may here supplement what I have said about the labour supply by pointing out that a man who does things on a large scale is able to offer steady work at good wages, and is the more likely to get good men; while the man who takes a small place can at a pinch do a large proportion of the work himself. If a man has children of an age to do a bit of light work, the family has a tremendous advantage.

**Government Registers.** A register of farms for sale is kept by the Ontario Government,—which also, by the way, keeps lists of farmers who will take new-comers (of course without the “premiums” that some men ask) and pay them such wages as they may be worth from the start, besides giving them board and lodging.

Here, however, I will simply give a few actual examples of farms and farm prices which I have come across in the course of my own investigation.

For example, a farm of 140 acres was lately sold for \$5,500 (£1,145), on its owner’s retirement. The same price is asked for a farm of 100 acres, owned by a man who has no sons. A place of 150 acres, including a good brick house, a “tenant house” for the hired man, and a barn, is priced at \$6,000 (£1,250).

"I bought a farm of 80 acres four years ago," says one of my informants, "just outside the town where I live, and paid \$60 (£12 10s.) an acre," making \$4,800 (£1,000) for the whole. "The land was in fair condition, and included a ten-acre orchard, 27 years old, which has been poorly cultivated, but in our second year we took 700 barrels off it. There was no house, but a fine barn, measuring 100 by 40 feet, and good underground stables. The price of good land hereabouts averages from \$60 to \$100 (£12 10s. to £20 16s.) an acre."

"My father took a farm of 100 acres," says another friend, "worked it for over 30 years, gradually enlarged it to 216 acres. It has now been sold for \$10,000 (£2,082). The purchaser, by the way, is a man who has been farming in the rough country in the north of Hastings County, but he has made enough to make a substantial payment on account."

We are all sorts, we Old-Country folk. For a few adventurous spirits, nothing will do but the Wild West,—though now-a-days they have to go pretty far to find wildness even in the West. For the ordinary man, especially the family man, with enterprise enough to cross the sea but a strong desire for a pleasant home and congenial occupation in a well-settled community, I can imagine no happier lot than the life of an apple man on Lake Ontario.





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